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JUNE-JULY

OUT OF *the* NIGHT

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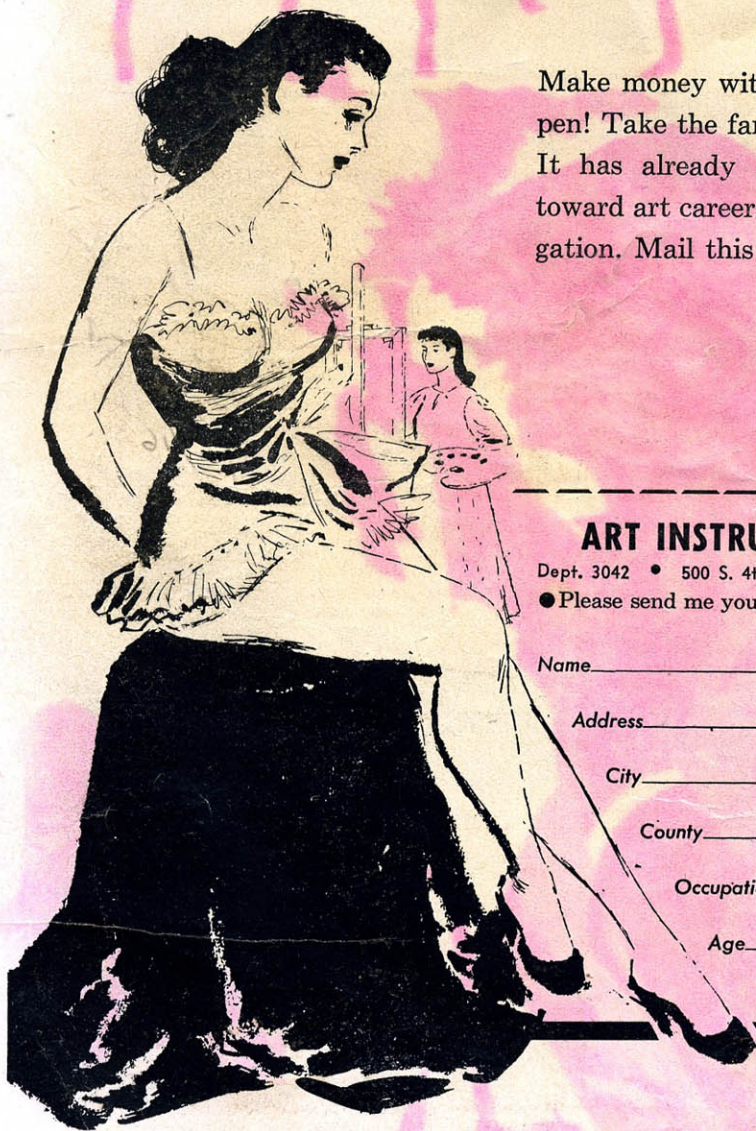




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FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS--
TERROR SLEPT UNDER THE
MOUNDS OF A NEW ENGLAND
GRAVEYARD! BUT A MYSTIC
CIRCLE ROUSED TWO FIENDISH
SPIRITS FROM THE BONDAGE OF
THE TOMB-- AND THE EVIL
THAT STALKED THE LONELY
HAMLETS OF LONG AGO
RETURNED TO EARTH IN THE
DREAD FORM OF
THE RAVEN SISTERS!

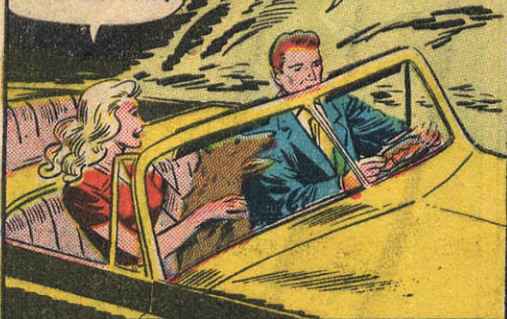
The RAVEN SISTERS



ALONG A DESERTED NEW ENGLAND ROAD --

I HAVEN'T
SEEN A HOUSE
FOR HOURS,
LARRY! HOW
MUCH LONGER
BEFORE WE
GET TO
RAVENSWOOD?

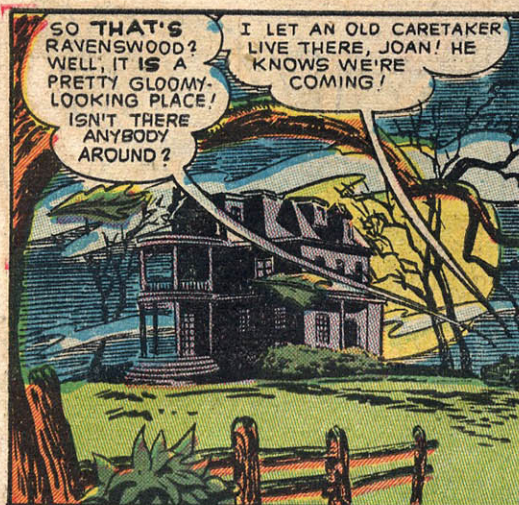
SOON, HONEY! REMEMBER WHAT I
TOLD YOU-- THE HOUSE IS VERY
OLD AND ISOLATED-- I HAVEN'T
SEEN THE PLACE SINCE I WAS A
KID! I DON'T WANT YOU
TO BE FRIGHTENED!



YOU KNOW ME, DARLING-- I'M NOT SCARED OF
ANYTHING! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS
AND HAUNTED HOUSES OR ANY OF THAT
NONSENSE!



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SO THAT'S RAVENSWOOD? WELL, IT IS A PRETTY GLOOMY-LOOKING PLACE! ISN'T THERE ANYBODY AROUND?

I LET AN OLD CARETAKER LIVE THERE, JOAN! HE KNOWS WE'RE COMING!



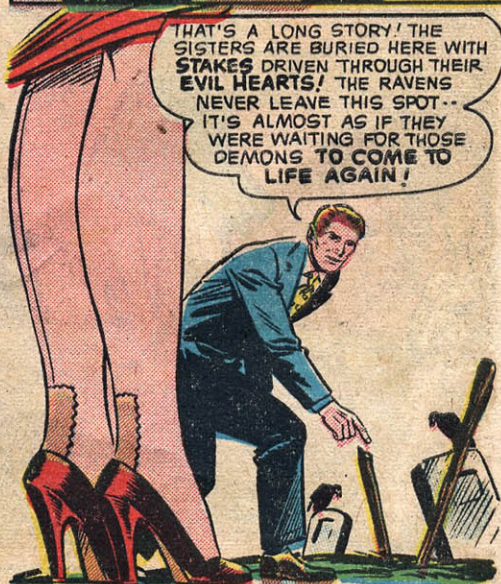
-- AND THIS COMPLETES THE TOUR, SWEETHEART! THIS USED TO BE THE CEMETERY OF ONE OF THE OLD VILLAGES LONG AGO -- BUT IT'S NEVER BEEN USED SINCE THE RAVEN SISTERS WERE PUT TO DEATH AND BURIED HERE!

THE RAVEN SISTERS? BUT I DON'T SEE ANY TOMBSTONE FOR THEM! AND WHY WERE THEY PUT TO DEATH?

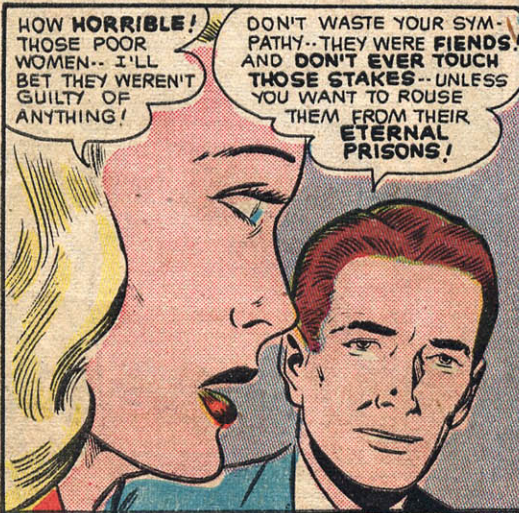


WELCOME HOME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, MR. MATHER! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU! DINNER IS WAITING!

THANK YOU, OTTO-- BUT FIRST I'M GOING TO SHOW MY FIANCEE AROUND! THERE'S A LOT I WANT HER TO SEE!

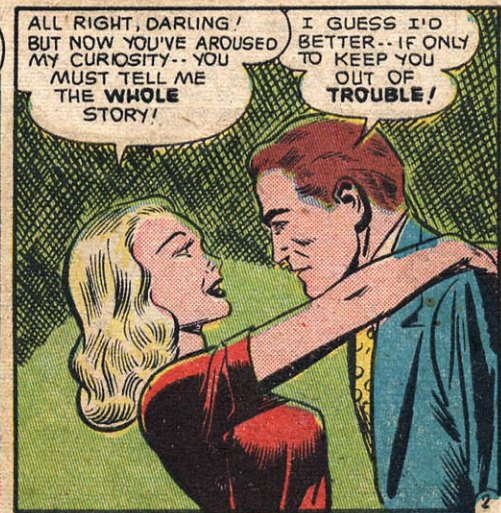


THAT'S A LONG STORY! THE SISTERS ARE BURIED HERE WITH STAKES DRIVEN THROUGH THEIR EVIL HEARTS! THE RAVENS NEVER LEAVE THIS SPOT-- IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY WERE WAITING FOR THOSE DEMONS TO COME TO LIFE AGAIN!



HOW HORRIBLE! THOSE POOR WOMEN-- I'LL BET THEY WEREN'T GUILTY OF ANYTHING!

DON'T WASTE YOUR SYMPATHY-- THEY WERE FIENDS! AND DON'T EVER TOUCH THOSE STAKES-- UNLESS YOU WANT TO ROUSE THEM FROM THEIR ETERNAL PRISONS!

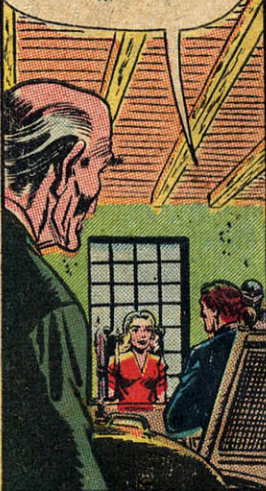


ALL' RIGHT, DARLING! BUT NOW YOU'VE AROUSED MY CURIOSITY-- YOU MUST TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY!

I GUESS I'D BETTER-- IF ONLY TO KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE!

LATER, INSIDE THE ANCIENT HOUSE--

OVER 300 YEARS AGO, THE RAVEN SISTERS LIVED IN THIS HOUSE WITH A CRAZY OLD AUNT--WHO DIED MYSTERIOUSLY! AFTER THAT, THE SISTERS LIVED COMPLETELY ALONE, WHICH WAS JUST TO THEIR LIKING! NOBODY EVER DARED TO COME NEAR THE PLACE--



"AS CHILDREN, THEY'D KILL SMALL BIRDS AND ANIMALS-- ANY LIVING THING THEY GOT HOLD OF, THEY TORTURED! BUT THEIR FAVORITE GAME WAS BURNING DOLLS AT THE STAKE--"



"LATER, THEY GREW TIRED OF MERE GAMES AND BEGAN VICTIMIZING STRAY TRAVELERS WHO PASSED NEAR A SECRET CAVE SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE! IT WAS SAID THAT THEY BECAME VAMPIRES!"



"THEY BURIED THEIR VICTIMS IN THE GRAVEYARD, CALLING UPON EVIL SPIRITS TO HELP THEM IN THEIR FIENDISH WORK! SOON, THEY BECAME POSSESSED OF SUPERNATURAL POWERS... AND NO ONE WAS SAFE FROM THEM!"



"THE TERRIFIED TOWNSPEOPLE BANDED TOGETHER FOR SAFETY-- BUT NO ONE KNEW THE CAUSE OF THE MANY KIDNAPPINGS AND MURDERS!"

WE MUST FIND AND DESTROY THE LUNATIC KILLERS! NO ONE IS SAFE WHILE THE DEMONS LIVE!

YES! WE MUST HAVE ACTION!



"... IN THEIR TERROR, THE VILLAGERS BEGAN HANGING EVERY KIND OF CRIMINAL!"



"AND YOUNG WOMEN WERE OFTEN BURNED AS WITCHES WITHOUT TRIAL! HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE DIED HORRIBLY BECAUSE OF THE EVIL WORK OF THE RAVEN SISTERS!"



LET THE WITCHES BURN!

"WHEN THE DEMONS LEARNED TO TAKE THE FORM OF IMMENSE RAVENS, THEY SCATTERED TERROR FAR AND WIDE -- DRAGGING THEIR HELPLESS VICTIMS TO THE SECRET CAVE!"



"AND THERE THE HELPLESS SOULS WERE CHAINED-- AWAITING AN INEVITABLE END!"



"ONE DAY, A HUNTER SPIED THAT AT THEIR GRISLY WORK--"

BULLETS ARE USELESS AGAINST BLACK POWERS OF EVIL SPIRITS. THEY MUST BE FOUGHT WITH THEIR OWN MAGIC!



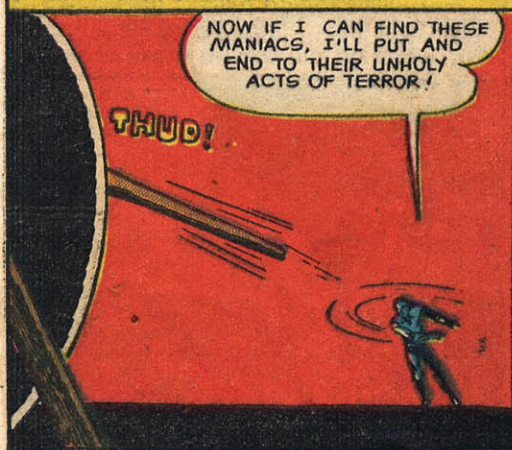
"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, HE READ THE FORBIDDEN BOOKS OF ANCIENT SORCERERS--"

NOW I CAN USE THEIR EVIL ARTS AGAINST THEM! IN ORDER TO KILL WITCHES, A WOODEN STAKE MUST BE DRIVEN THROUGH THEIR HEARTS!



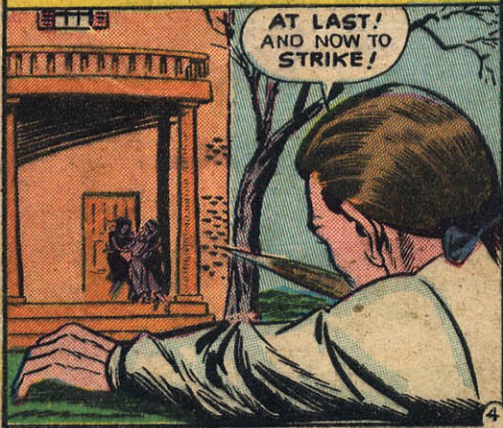
"HE LEARNED TO THROW DEADLY WOODEN JAVELINS WITH UNERRING ACCURACY--"

NOW IF I CAN FIND THESE MANIACS, I'LL PUT AN END TO THEIR UNHOLY ACTS OF TERROR!



"AFTER PATIENT TRACKING, HE CAME UPON THIS HOUSE -- JUST AS THE RAVEN SISTERS WERE DRAGGING A VICTIM WITHIN--"

AT LAST! AND NOW TO STRIKE!





YOUR REIGN OF EVIL AND DEATH IS AT AN END, DEMONS! PREPARE FOR YOUR DOOM!

HELP!

"THE MAN'S AIM WAS DEADLY TRUE! NOT EVEN THEIR SORCERY COULD SAVE THEM!"



AAAAAGH-H!

"AND LATER--"

THERE THEY WILL LIE PINNED IN DEATH FOR ALL ETERNITY! NOW WE CAN LIVE IN PEACE!



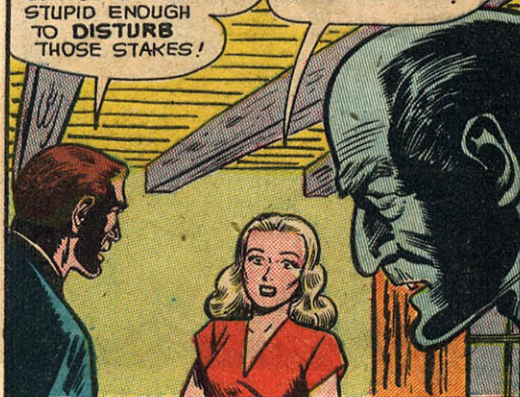
HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU? I SHALL BE GRATEFUL TO YOU-- FOREVER!

YOUR LIPS-- ARE THANKS ENOUGH FOR ME!



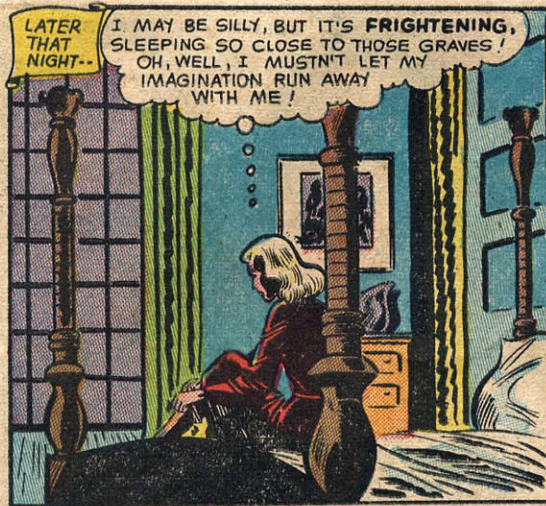
THAT'S THE STORY, JOAN! THE RAVEN SISTERS WILL LIE OUT THERE TILL THE END OF TIME-- UNLESS SOMEONE IS STUPID ENOUGH TO DISTURB THOSE STAKES!

YOU MEAN THAT IF THOSE STAKES ARE PULLED OUT, THEY CAN BE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE?



EXACTLY, HONEY-- BUT, WHOEVER WAS EVIL ENOUGH TO WANT TO DO IT WOULD HAVE TO KNOW THIS SECRET-- A CIRCLE OF BLOOD FROM HIS OWN BODY MUST BE DRAWN ON THE GRAVE! I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY CRAZY ENOUGH TO DO THAT!





BUT OTTO QUICKLY LEARNS THAT THE WAGE OF SIN IS DEATH!



AS THE SHOUT CARRIES FAINTLY
TO LARRY'S EARS--

WHAT WAS THAT?
IT SOUNDED LIKE
JOAN'S VOICE!



**SHE'S GONE! SIGNS OF A
STRUGGLE-- AND THIS
RAVEN'S FEATHER ON THE
FLOOR! COULD IT BE...
JOAN! JOAN! WHERE
ARE YOU?**



**OUTSIDE-- THE TERRIBLE
TRUTH IS REVEALED**

THE RAVEN SISTERS ARE FREE
AGAIN! I **MUST** SAVE JOAN
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! BUT
WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE
IS THE CAVE? HOW CAN
I FOLLOW **PHANTOMS**
WHICH LEAVE NO TRACK?



THESE STAVES MUST FIND THEIR
PLACE IN THE **HEARTS OF THE
DEMONS AGAIN!** BUT YOU
MUST HELP ME-- YOU
CAN FOLLOW
THEIR SCENT!



**EVEN THEN, THE RAVEN SISTERS
ARE HOVERING OVER THEIR
FIRST VICTIM IN
THE CENTURIES!**

**LARRY!
SAVE
ME!**

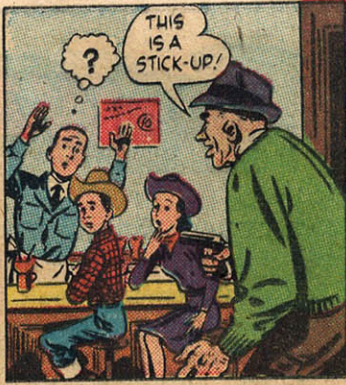
NOTHING CAN
SAVE YOU, FOOL!
WHEN THE
POTION
IS MADE--
**YOU SHALL
DIE!**



**AH, IT'S
READY!
AND
NOW--**







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The WEREWOLVES

MANFRED PEERED ANXIOUSLY up at the sun as he drove along the lonely Catskill Mountains road. There still remained about an hour before sunset, but he *had* to find a lodging place before then ...because after sunset, he turned into a werewolf. And in his wolfish state it was impossible to drive a car.

Wait...there was a likely looking place... a small, dilapidated inn set far enough off the road so that screams wouldn't be heard by passing motorists. Hurriedly, feeling strange, gnawing pangs gripping his vitals, Manfred pulled up in front of the inn.

Inside, a gaunt, hollow-cheeked man was seated in a chair, whittling on a block of wood.

"You the proprietor?" Manfred asked.

"Yep," the man said. "What can I do for you?"

"I'd like a room for the night, if you've got any left!"

"Wal, we got plenty o' rooms...it's been a bad winter, and not many travelers come into these parts in winter-time. In fact you're my first guest in three days...so you're mighty welcome. Would you like some dinner? You look mighty thin for a man your size."

"No, thanks," Manfred replied. "I'll just sit here for a while and watch the sunset."

The two men eyed each other grimly. "Strange," Manfred thought. "He looks so cadaverous, so pale...almost evil!" For no apparent reason he suddenly felt the most intense hatred for the man...a white hot fury which swept over him in powerful waves and left him tense with the anticipation of the horrible fate which would in a few minutes come to him.

The sun dropped low into the western sky, leaving only a bank of burning orange clouds on the horizon. "A fit setting," Manfred thought, "for the gruesome scene to be played in this room."

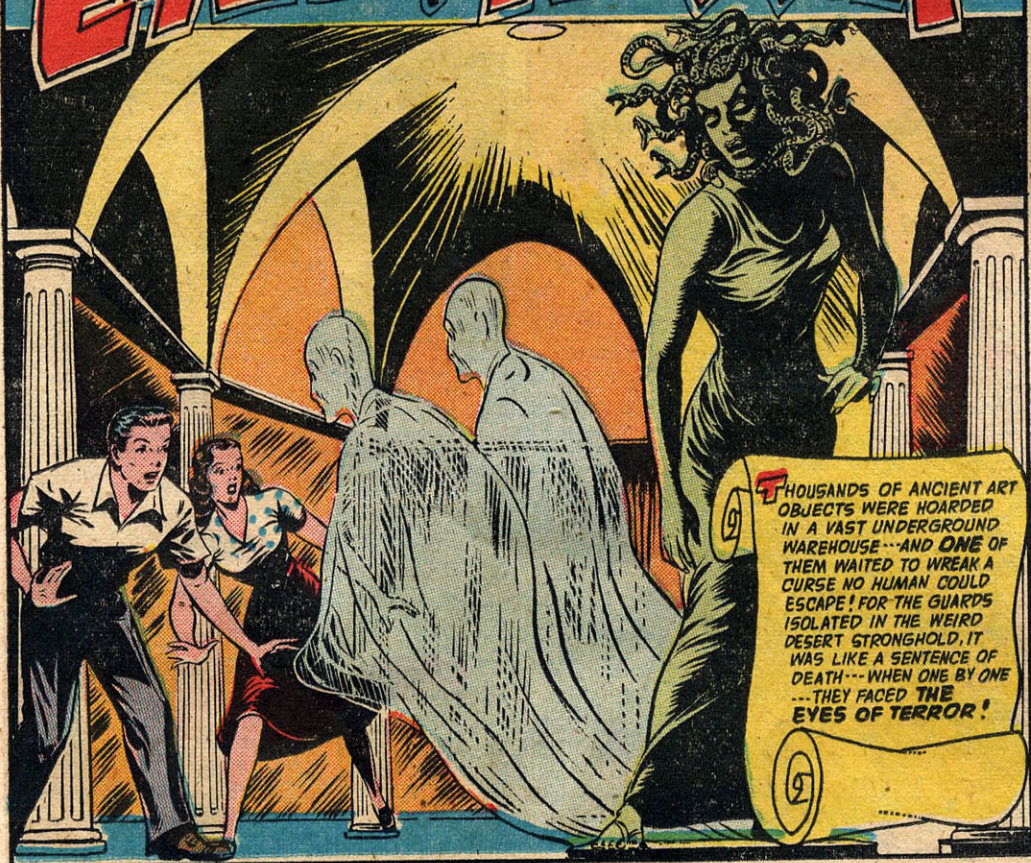
"Beautiful, ain't it?" said the proprietor as the sun's glowing rim dipped out of sight. "It's not often I meet a man who appreciates a sunset the way I do."

"The fool," thought Manfred. "This is the last sunset he will ever see." But now the moment was at hand. Already he felt the strange racing of his blood, the cold clamminess which seized his entire body just before the ghastly transformation into the form of a wolf. He turned his face quickly to the window, knowing that it would be the first part of him to undergo the hideous process. And he wanted the proprietor to suspect nothing...until the moment he whirled to strike with razor-sharp fangs.

An instant later, Manfred snarled, and turned to face his victim ... expecting him to be paralyzed with fear at the sight of a wolfish face above a human body. Instead, Manfred was startled by the sight which confronted his eyes...for the proprietor had changed also...his face was that of a snarling, ravenous wolf.

The brief moment of stunned astonishment proved Manfred's undoing...for the proprietor's still human arm flung his whittling knife with great accuracy and force straight at Manfred. As the blade pierced his heart, Manfred howled in agony and toppled to the floor...and his last thought was the bitter knowledge that he was about to become a victim of one of his own kind.

The EVES of TERROR



THOUSANDS OF ANCIENT ART OBJECTS WERE HOARDED IN A VAST UNDERGROUND WAREHOUSE...AND **ONE** OF THEM WAITED TO WREAK A CURSE NO HUMAN COULD ESCAPE! FOR THE GUARDS ISOLATED IN THE WEIRD DESERT STRONGHOLD, IT WAS LIKE A SENTENCE OF DEATH...WHEN ONE BY ONE...THEY FACED THE EYES OF TERROR!

EVEN THOUGH YOU **ARE** A REPORTER FOR ONE OF THE HAYNES PAPERS, NEIL... I **STILL** DON'T SEE WHAT **THIS** HAS GOT TO DO WITH YOUR TAKING A TRIP TO NEVADA!

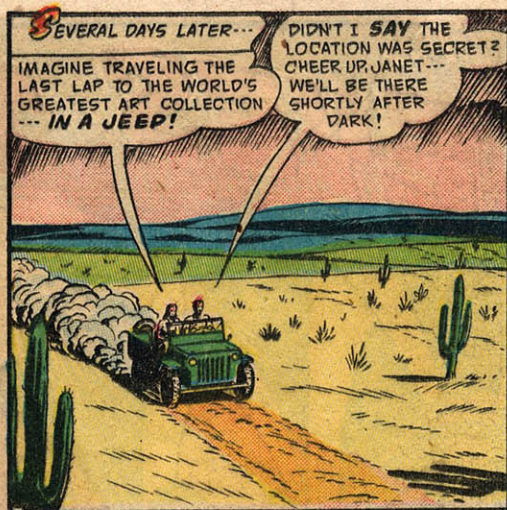
YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET THE LOWDOWN, HONEY... BECAUSE YOU'RE MIGHTY HEP ABOUT **ART**...AND I'VE TALKED MY EDITOR INTO LETTING ME TAKE ALONG A TECHNICAL ASSISTANT, MEANING **YOU!**

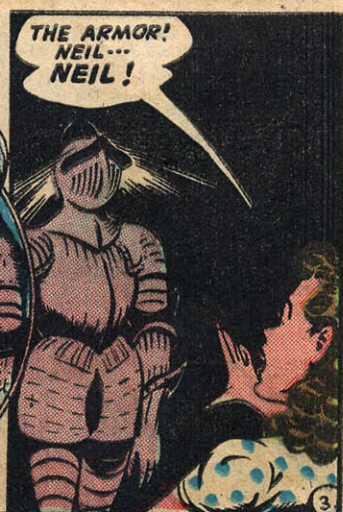
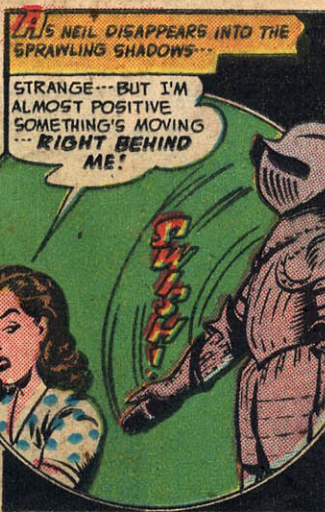
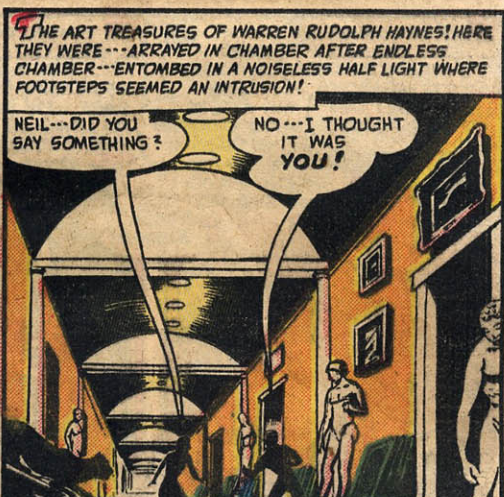
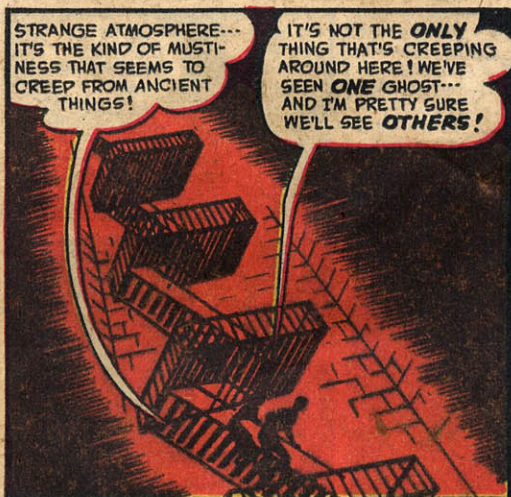
IT'S WELL KNOWN THAT THE BOSS SPENT **MILLIONS** OVER THE PAST FIFTY YEARS ON ART TREASURES! TONS UPON TONS OF IT FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD... PILING UP IN SUCH AN IMMENSE CLUTTER THAT NOT EVEN **HE** EVER HAD TIME TO EXAMINE A LARGE PART OF IT! HIS ONE CONCERN WAS TO ENSURE THE SAFETY OF HIS HOARD... **SO HE BUILT AN IMMENSE UNDERGROUND WAREHOUSE IN A REMOTE SECTION OF NEVADA!**

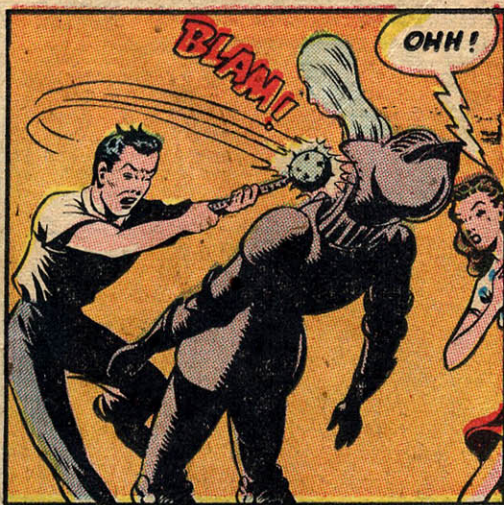


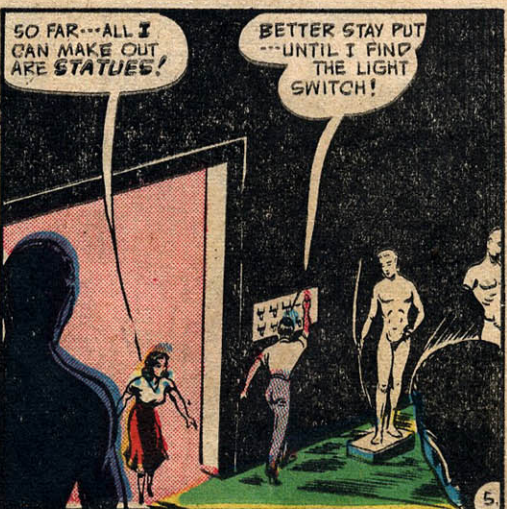
EVENING NEWS
WARREN RUDOLPH HAYNES, PUBLISHER AND ART COLLECTOR, DIES SUDDENLY!



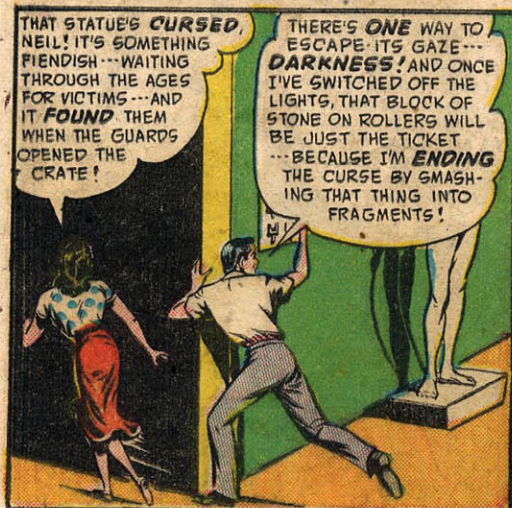


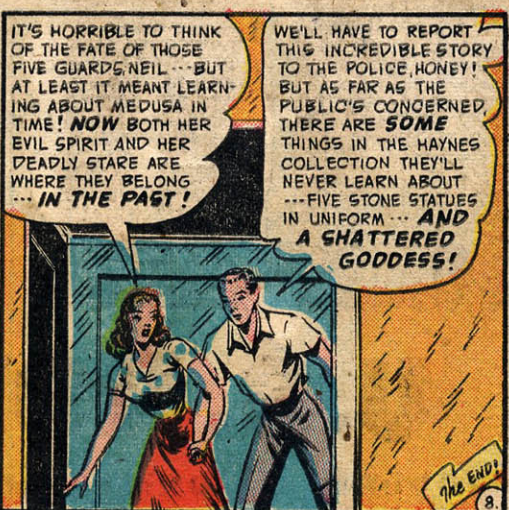












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OUT of the NIGHT... TO YOU!

MIDNIGHT HOLDS MANY mysteries for all men. Down through the ages, from out of the mists of antiquity itself, has come the concept of the *witching hour*...that dark and menacing interlude when witches ride abroad...when ghosts prowl from out of the Unknown and banshees cast their eerie howl into the teeth of the howling wind. This is the hour of Satan, with zombies, vampires and werewolves stealing through the blackness at the beck of their dread master. For all of us, it's the hour to bolt the doors against the peril of the nameless things without...to draw the blinds and, in the snug safety of our secure homes, read the fascinating and spine-tingling tales of vivid imagination that tell so thrillingly of these midnight specters.

And so, from out of the night...to you... we bring as weird and gripping a galaxy of supernatural stories as ever you've read. Here's an all-star issue which is guaranteed to captivate you and linger long in your memory. "The Raven Sisters" tells of a strange legend, to be spoken in hushed whispers...a tense legend of terror which breathes of the two dread sisters who sold their souls to

prey on mortals. You'll chill to its astounding revelations, and shrink, spell-bound, before the unworldly challenge of "The Eyes of Terror". These are eyes such as we hope you'll never meet! Then, there's "Monsters From The Ages" ...a breathtaking and actionful yarn dealing with a horror which struck down through history...with buried evil which rose to live again! And rounding out a list of top thrillers is "Terror In The Swamp"...a rousing piece about an age-old menace which rose from the muck of a fear-ridden bog, haunting the souls of men! All in all...it's an issue you'll never forget!

But we won't be happy unless we know what you think of it! We want to know which story you liked best...and why! And we want you to tell us exactly what you'd like to see in future issues of "Out Of The Night". Remember, this is your magazine, and you must be satisfied! Address your letters to *The Editor*, "Out Of The Night", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. We'll try to publish them as soon as we have space! Meanwhile, take a look at what a few of our other readers think!

"Dear Editor:-

As soon as I saw your new magazine, 'Out Of The Night' on the news-stands, I knew I was in for a thriller...even the name excited me! But when I bought it...wow! I got more than I even expected! I'm a real fan of the supernatural and by now know a good thriller when I see one...and brother, I saw one when I saw yours! I'm never going to miss a single issue. I like stories about vampires and werewolves especially, but in your first issue, all were tops! All I can say is that if all your issues are as good as your first, you'll soon be everybody's favorite! Good luck!

--M. Whitbeck, Binghamton, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I just finished reading 'Out Of The Night', and I certainly believe it will go places! I read all comics of this sort, and yours is the best I've ever seen. In your future issues, let's have more of the 'Vampire King' sort of stories... and keep up the good work!

--Earl Duarte, Campbell, Calif."

"Dear Editor:-

I want to congratulate you on your superb magazine, 'Out Of The Night'. I've read many such comics, but yours tops them all. Thanks for publishing it!

--G. Brotherston, Mimico, Canada."

OF THE MANY GRIM PUNISHMENTS INFLICTED ON WORSHIPPERS OF SATAN, THE MOST BLOOD-CHILLING WAS THAT OF THE ANCIENT VIKINGS! FOR THE DOOM OF THE "LONG SLEEP" MEANT ETERNAL BANISHMENT TO THE LIMBO OF EVERLASTING SUSPENSION BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH! HERE'S A TERRIFYING TALE OF THREE SCIENTISTS WHO HAD TO COPE WITH THE STUPENDOUS FORCE THEY HAD AWAKENED IN THE DREAD FORMS OF THE---

MONSTERS from the AGES



ON A BLEAK ARCTIC ISLE DURING THE LONG SUMMER SUN---

I BEG YOU, GO BACK NOW! AHEAD LIES GREAT DANGER!

ARE YOU CRAZY, GUIDE? SOON WE'LL BE ON THE

BURYING SITE OF THOSE OLD VIKING EXPLORERS! NOTHING IS GOING TO STOP US!

A FEW MILES BEYOND---

RICK! NILA! LOOK! AN ANCIENT NORSE TABLET!

I WILL GO NO FURTHER! DO NOT TEMPT THE DARK FATES... FLEE!



THREE MONTHS OF SEARCHING, YEARS OF PLANNING... AND NOW, AT LAST... WE'VE FOUND IT! WE'RE MAKING ARCHEOLOGICAL HISTORY!

IT IS THE TOMB OF THE MONSTERS OF THE NIGHT! GO... QUICKLY... WHILE YOU CAN... OR FACE CERTAIN DEATH!









I'VE DROPPED A FLARE! GET YOUR SHOULDER AGAINST THAT DOOR--WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THOSE DEVIL'S SPAWN OUT!

THERE'S FLAT GROUND BELOW! MAYBE WE CAN LAND SAFELY!



HANG ON! ONE OF THOSE THINGS MUST HAVE BROKEN A RUDDER CABLE!

THE DOOR... THEY'RE SMASHING IT TO SPLINTERS!



AS THE DAMAGED PLANE LOSES ALTITUDE...

PROFESSOR, GET THE ESCAPE HATCH OPEN! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH-LAND!



NOW RUN! DON'T WAIT FOR ME! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO LOSE THEM BEFORE THEY SMASH THEIR WAY OUT!

I---I CAN'T! I'M TOO SHAKEN...



AS THE FIRST RAYS OF SUNLIGHT BREAK OVER THE HORIZON...

LEAVE ME! SAVE YOURSELVES!

WH---WHAT'S HAPPENING? LOOK! THEY SEEM SUDDENLY FROZEN TO THE SPOT!



THE SUN MUST HAVE SAVED US! THEY SEEM POWERLESS... AS IF IT'S EXERCISING SOME STRANGE MAGIC OVER THEM!

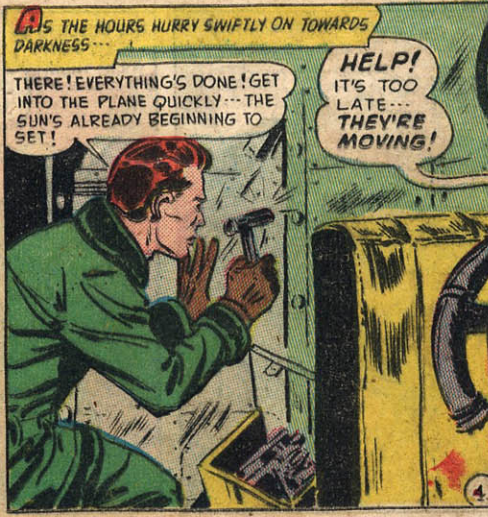
THEN... THEN THEY MUST BE LIKE VAMPIRES! THEY ONLY COME ALIVE IN DARKNESS!

THEN MAYBE I CAN GET THE PLANE FIXED BEFORE NIGHT-FALL! WE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO ESCAPE!



I DON'T KNOW IF THESE ROCKS WILL HOLD THEM... BUT WE'VE GOT TO TRY!

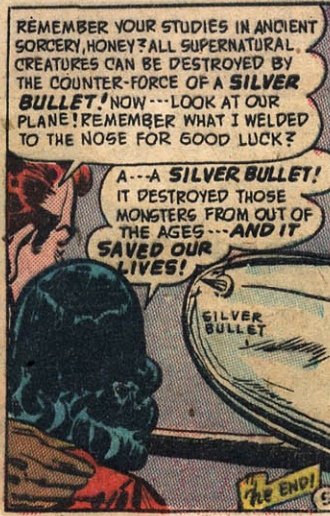
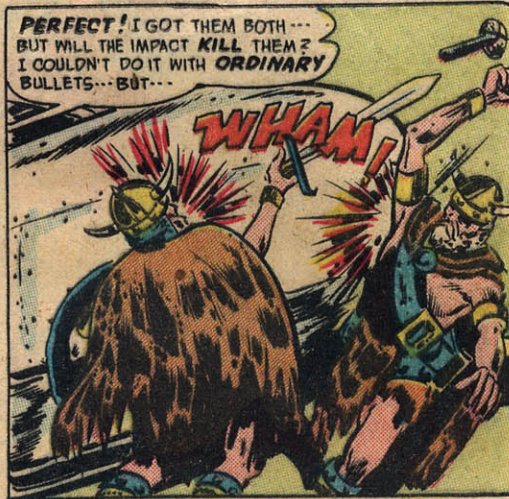
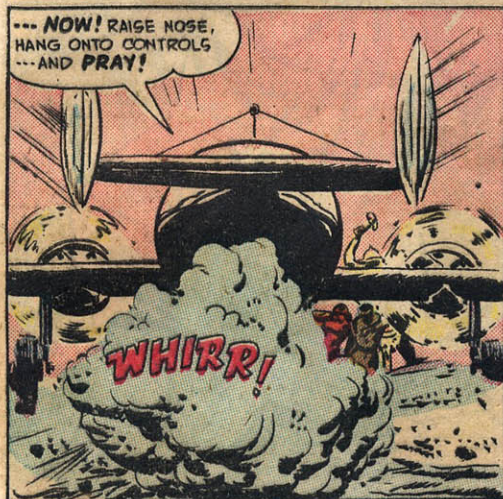
MAYBE IT WILL GLOW THEM UP... GIVE US A LITTLE TIME!



AS THE HOURS HURRY SWIFTLY ON TOWARDS DARKNESS...

THERE! EVERYTHING'S DONE! GET INTO THE PLANE QUICKLY... THE SUN'S ALREADY BEGINNING TO SET!

HELP! IT'S TOO LATE... THEY'RE MOVING!



THE ARCHIVES OF THE SUPERNATURAL TELL US HOW OFTEN THE WORLD OF REALITY IS INVADIED BY SATANIC CREATURES FROM THE UNKNOWN! BUT THERE ARE THOSE WHO DOUBT-- UNTIL THEY, TOO, COME FACE TO FACE WITH INCARNATE EVIL! OUR STORY CONCERNS SUCH A SCEPTIC-- ONE WHO HAD TO PAY THE TERRIBLE PRICE OF KNOWING THE FULL HORROR OF...

TERROR in the SWAMP!



ON THE ISLAND OF KUMBANI IN THE VAST PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO, A NATIVE WORK STOPPAGE BRINGS A HALT IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF AN IMPORTANT JUNGLE HIGHWAY...

WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS, BOY? WE HAVE A CONTRACT! WE PAY YOUR MEN WELL, AND I DEMAND THAT THEY GET BACK TO WORK!

EASY, STAN! LET'S HEAR THEIR SIDE OF IT!

MY PEOPLE WILL NOT GO ON! THE ROAD YOU BUILD LEADS TO THE GREAT SWAMP-- THE HOME OF THE TERRIBLE TIGBANUAS! TO ENTER IT MEANS CERTAIN DEATH!

SO THAT'S IT!





WHO THE DEVIL ARE THESE TIGBANUAS? IF THIS IS MORE OF YOUR NATIVE SUPERSTITION, I'LL --

THE TIGBANUAS ARE REAL! THEY ARE POSSESSED-- MONSTERS OF GREAT EVIL! I HAVE SEEN THEM WITH MY OWN EYES!



YOU'RE A LYING DOG, BOYA! YOU'VE COOKED THIS WHOLE THING UP! YOU'RE FORCING A WORK STOPPAGE, SO YOU CAN GET MORE MONEY!

NO, IF YOU PAID US DOUBLE, WE WOULD NOT STAY!



TONIGHT IS OUR LAST NIGHT IN CAMP! IF YOU ARE WISE, YOU WILL GO TOO -- WHILE THERE IS, STILL TIME!



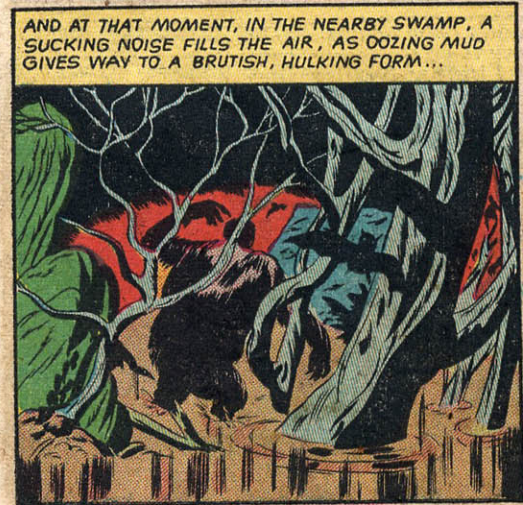
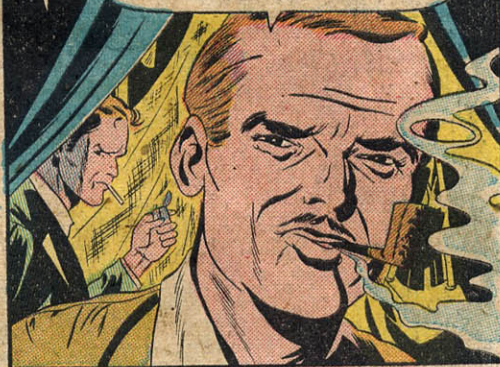
THAT NIGHT, INSIDE THEIR TENT...

THEY'VE GOT US OVER A BARREL, LARRY! EVEN IF WE COULD GET A NEW CREW, THEY'D PROBABLY BACK DOWN JUST LIKE THESE! THINK OF IT-- TWO YEARS OF HARD WORK STYMIED BY SUPERSTITIOUS RUBBISH!

YOU CAN'T CALL IT RUBBISH... NOT DEFINITELY! LY!

SO NOW THEY'VE GOT YOU BELIEVING IT!

I DON'T KNOW, STAN! "THIS OLD WORLD OF OURS IS A STRANGE PLACE! PLENTY OF THINGS ARE GOING ON THAT SCIENCE CAN'T EXPLAIN! THE TIGBANUAS COULD BE ONE OF THEM! MIND YOU, I ONLY SAY IT COULD BE!"



AND AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE NEARBY SWAMP, A SUCKING NOISE FILLS THE AIR, AS OOZING MUD GIVES WAY TO A BRUTISH, HULKING FORM...



WITH MONSTROUS STRIDES AND PLODDING GAIT, IT LUMBERS TOWARD THE SLEEPING CAMP...



WAIT! NO POINT IN BOTH OF US COVERING THE SAME TRAIL! YOU TAKE THE RIGHT FORK, AND I'LL TAKE THE LEFT!

OKAY! IF EITHER FINDS SOMETHING, A RIFLE SHOT WILL BE THE SIGNAL!



PADDING CAUTIOUSLY ALONG THE TWISTING TRAIL, LARRY MAKES A SHOCKING DISCOVERY...

TRACKS! BUT WHAT COULD HAVE MADE THEM? IT'S NEITHER ANIMAL NOR HUMAN!



I'D BETTER-- WHA--? WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?

THAT YOU WILL SOON FIND OUT!



Y-YOUR EYES-- THEY BURN SO! I'M LOSING CONTROL OF MY BODY!

NOW YOU WILL FOLLOW ME! THE OTHERS ARE WAITING! WE MUST JOIN THEM QUICKLY!



YES, I MUST FOLLOW YOU-- FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE!

HURRY! THE MOMENT IS NEAR! FASTER!



DEEP WITHIN THE SWAMP, THE GATHERING MONSTERS FORM A HOSTILE RING!

WAIT, DEMONS! THIS ONE IS NOT TO DIE! HE IS TO BE ONE OF US! BRING THE DRINK!



SECONDS LATER...

ALL IS READY! I PLACE THE CUP TO YOUR LIPS! DRINK --AND BE ONE OF US!

YES, I WILL DRINK! I OBEY!



AND WHEN THE BITTER CUP IS DRAINED TO THE DREGS...



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

LARRY! WHAT HAPPENED! HOW'D YOU GET BACK HERE?

I... I DON'T KNOW! SOME KIND OF DREAM-AWFUL! G-GET ME BACK TO CAMP--HURRY!



BUT THE NEXT 24 HOURS ARE A WHIRLPOOL OF RAGING FEVER AND NIGHTMARE FANTASIES!

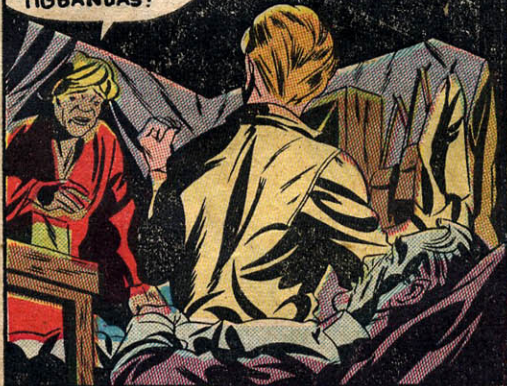
IT'S THE CALL! I HEAR IT! THEY WANT ME... WANT ME!

HE'S GETTING MORE DELIRIOUS EVERY MINUTE! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S SAYING!



NO, YOUR FRIEND SPEAKS THE TRUTH! HIS IS NO ORDINARY FEVER... HE IS A VICTIM OF THE TIGBANUAS!

I TOLD YOU TO CLEAR OUT WITH THE OTHERS! NOW I'LL THROW YOU--



LOOK-- HIS FACE! THE CHANGE HAS ALREADY BEGUN!

YE GODS--IT CAN'T BE! LARRY!



THE CALL! I MUST GO--MUST JOIN THEM!

HOLD ON, LARRY! YOU CAN'T GO OUT THERE--OW-WW!



HE'S GONE! I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER HIM! I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

YES, BUT NOT BEFORE WE HAVE PREPARED OURSELVES! THE TIGBANUA IS NO ORDINARY CREATURE! PROPERLY ARMED, WE HAVE A CHANCE OF SAVING HIM, AND OURSELVES AS WELL!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN THE INNERMOST DEPTHS OF THE STEAMING SWAMP...

I HAVE COME! SPEAK AND I OBEY!



IN A NEARBY THICKET...

THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THE MUD! IT'S INCREDIBLE!

NOW IS THE TIME TO DESTROY THEM! HURRY-- TAKE THE DYNAMITE FROM YOUR PACK!



I'VE GOT ENOUGH HERE TO BLOW UP AN ARMY! WHAT'S THAT? I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!



NO! SHE'S REAL! LOOK, SHE'S CALLING TO ME! I MUST GO TO HER!

WAIT! YOU MUSTN'T! HER EYES FLASH ONLY DEATH-- OR WORSE!



AS STAN ADVANCES, HIS WILL ENSLAVED BY HYPNOTIC EVIL, BOYA SPRINGS FORWARD BRANDISHING A STRANGE PLANT...

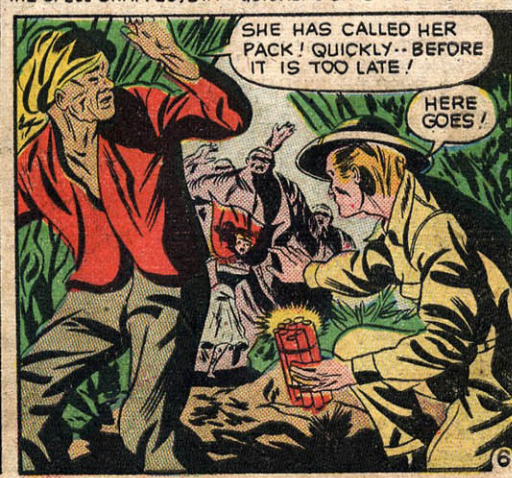
SEE HOW THE CURSED FIEND DRAWS BACK! HER MAGIC SHRINKS BEFORE THE GREAT POWER OF THE RHAMNUS PLANT! LOOK, SHE CHANGES ALREADY!



BEHOLD! THE LEADER OF THE TIGBANUAS! THE SOURCE OF ALL THEIR EVIL!



THE SPELL-SNAPPED, STAN QUICKLY LIGHTS THE FUSE...



SHE HAS CALLED HER PACK! QUICKLY-- BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

HERE GOES!



LIKE THE GROTESQUE DENIZENS OF A MADMAN'S DREAM, THE FIENDISHLY CACKLING MONSTERS OF THE STEAMING SWAMP ADVANCE -- WAVE UPON WAVE! THEN...



SECONDS LATER...

THEY ARE ALL DEAD! THE TIGBANUAS ARE DESTROYED!

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO LARRY, FAST! COME ON!



HE'S BREATHING! HE'S ALIVE!

YES, AND THE MARK OF THE TIGBANUA IS GONE! BY DESTROYING THEM, WE HAVE DRIVEN THEIR CURSE FROM HIS BODY!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

WE'RE BACK ON SCHEDULE, LARRY! BOYA'S ENTIRE CREW CAME BACK THE MINUTE THEY FOUND OUT THE TIGBANUAS WERE DESTROYED! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL GET OUR ROAD FINISHED ON TIME, AFTER ALL!

SWELL, STAN! BUT TELL ME HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED!



I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON! LIKE YOU SAID, LARRY-- THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH UNEXPLAINABLE HAPPENINGS! ONE THING FOR SURE-- I'LL NEVER BE A SCEPTIC AGAIN!

The End



YOU
can WIN
this big 15"
Silver Trophy
as Roger
just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch

ROGER HIRSCH

was an
112 lb.
6 ft.
weakling
LOOK
AT HIM
NOW!

Aren't **YOU** as **SICK** and Tired as I was
of being **SKINNY** ?

CHICKEN-CHESTED
SPINDLE-ARMED
NARROW-SHOULDERED
SHORT-WINDED
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE
JEERED, BULLIED

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



**Then do as I did...
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW**

**I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM**

**And the rest in proportion —
ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
by using the JOWETT SYSTEM**

for building Real HE-MEN

Come on, PAL, Now **YOU** give me
10 pleasant Minutes a Day
in your own home . . . and I'll
give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says **GEORGE F. JOWETT**
World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!

George F. Jowett
Whom experts
call "Champion
of Champions"
• World's wrestling
and wt. lifting champ
• World's Strongest
Arms
• 4 times "World's
Perfect Body"
Winner.

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO . . .

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**NOW
LET ME MAKE YOU LIKE ROGER
A WINNER
IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE**



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NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER**

All these **5 Picture**
Packed COURSES on He-
Man Building for only
while supply lasts!

10¢

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have been sold for \$1 and more**

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